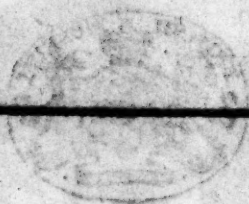


The ...
Description of Hogland

4

Hoglandia :

Imitated in **E N G L I S H.**



K. Der vor. Mann, Freund

Hoglandia :

limited in ENGLISH.



The (L A T I N)

Description of *Hogland*:

K Pen men maur, pseud
WITH ITS

DEDICATION:

Imitated in *E N G L I S H*.

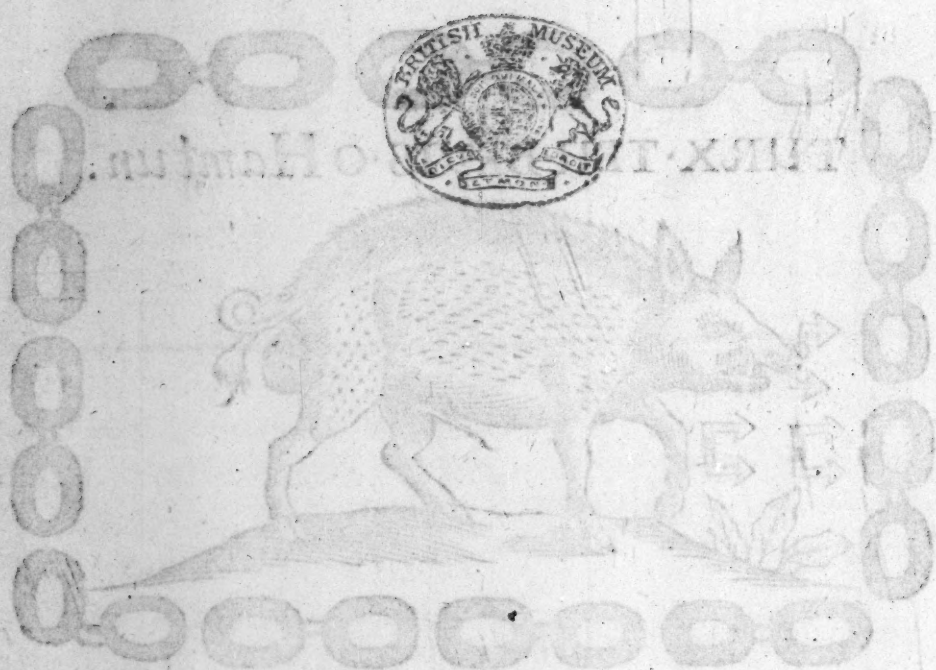


L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year M DCC XI.

The (Latin)
Description of Hogland:

WITH ITS
DEDICATION:
Imprinted in ENGLISH.



L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year M DCC XLI.

DEDICATION
i

To the MOST

Diffusively Prevailing & Nobly Conspicuous

Hero (stratus) Sachevalier.

PEN-MEN-MAUR

Sends GREETING.

WHEN I had with very great Pains, and
at the Expence of a vast Deal of Time,
Finish'd this Grunting HOG LANDIA
of Mine; I Resolv'd, Great Sir! It shou'd Ven-
ture to Appear in Publick, under the Safe
Protection of Your Glorious Name. Now, when
Buffoonry and Droll are so shamefully run
Down in this Damn'd * Age, which is sunk
into the lowest Dregs of Corruption: It
can be no little Comfort to Ingenious Pre-
—s, or others that have the Courage to
Express themselves Wittily, that there is still
to be found Such a Worthy Patron, and
Acute and Wise Judge.

* Fanatical.

The Peculiar Honour you were Pleas'd to Confer on Taffy was very Signal. *Poor BEVIS Dare not Aspire to with the Like: But comes Humbly Creeping for a Buss, were it but of the Little Toe of your Holiness's Left Foot.*

My Lord, I am Humbly of Opinion, *He so far Resembles the Renow'd Taffy, in the many Excellent Examples of Unshaken Steadiness, Disinterested Probity, and True Zeal; That some Officious Persons will be Apt to Pronounce 'em Brats of the same Sire.*

Any one after a Short Contemplation of the Structure of the Verse, The Encomiums on Each Hero, And the Admirable Contexture of the Whole, must Necessarily Conclude, ——— Both were Woven in the Same Loom; Viz. Your most Impenetrable Skull; That Each Like Two Parallel Lines (which in Your Profound Opinion (In Spight of Euclid) and who can Resist such Glaring Evidences?!!) Meet in the same Center.

They only Differ, in that You out of Your Noted Aversion to the least Appearance of Confidence, Instead of Dedicating it to Your Self, Assign'd the Patronage of the Mouse-Trap-Poet to a Hopeful Pig of the Sounder.

But We cou'd Prefix no Less Name than Yours to our Epistle: We Scorn even their T——tson's and Stil——fleet's: We Soar above their Puny Merits; And with open and undaunted Resolution, Trumpet forth Your Immortal Praises: Which, were it Possible we might Perform to your Full Content, and Ample Satisfaction, yet must

~~we~~ Confess ~~our~~ Selves, ~~only~~ Successful ~~by~~ Chance,
(~~as~~ **Parallel** Lines meeting in a Center)
Having Aim'd at Things beyond our Humble
Sphere.

~~Our~~ Loftiest Panegyrick will fall Infinitely
Short of Your Sublimer Merit. We therefore
with all Humility Intreat You, the Brightest
Shoul in Timber, (as You may See Necessa-
ry) to Supply our Defects herein: That so late
Posterity may Find Testimonials of Your Incredi-
ble Excellencies, under Your Own Adored Hand.

~~Thus to You, and solely to Your~~ Distinguishing
Nicety of Judgment, we Submit our Hoglandian
Poem. ~~It is therefore~~ Your Province to See no
Irregular Beam be Admitted with **Impunity** in
this Poetical Edifice: That no Lane **Schisma-**
tical Verse Escape without Your **Thundring**
out an Anathema against it: And in short,
That Nothing, Necessary to Recommend a Com-
posure of so **Prodigious Importance** to the
Learned World, be Omitted.

You ~~must~~ Design an Ornamental Frontispiece,
and give Your Instructions to Your (Italian)
Graver. For my own Share, I'd be Highly Sa-
tisfy'd, were the Title Page Dignify'd with the
Boar's Picture, or rather your own, or Both; so
that there be a Ring for Each of Your Snouts.

Adieu! ~~most~~ Renown'd **Center** of Penny-Po-
liticians. Continue Propitious to my Performan-
ces, as You are Us'd to be to Your own. What-
ever Others Attempt in Print with the Publick
Approbation, Call Your Self the Author. Or if

Tou

*You can't do so, and be Believ'd, Damn it for
Nonsensical Cant. And so, (most Illustrious
Sanglier !) Long may*

*The Non-Resisting Ladies love their Cully ;
The High-Flown Debauchees Carefs their Bully !
Long may the Self- Enamour'd Incubus
Love Dearly his own Self, and Wooden Shoes !*

So Prays,

May it Please Your Celstitude,

Your Immensity's

Most Profound Adorer

PEN-MEN-MAUR.

POSTSCRIPT.

*MY Cousin Kader-Idris Remembers his Love to
you ; and Desir'd I might Transmit to your Ho-
nour the Following Pennil, as He calls it :*

*Doed Etto'r Gwr'ar Wyneb Gwer,
O L O E G E R tan Hel Bwyd,
'Nôl hyn, ni Chaiff ê yn lle Gwyn
Ond Enwyn Gyda i U D E.*

HOGLANDIA.

ARGUMENT.

1. *The Text.* 2. *An Ejaculation, or Extempore Pray'r to Apollo, which (it's hop'd) won't be Offensive, being Short.* 3. *A Word to the Author of Muscipula.* 4. *Hantonia Describ'd.* 5. *King William I. of Blessed Memory turns Huntsman: Lays waste Churches, Towns, Villages, Hogsties, &c. Anno 1082. to make New Forest in Hantonia. He employ'd the Hantonians in the Work.* 6. *Jove punishes the Sacrilege on his Sacred Majesty's Part, with the Death of his Son in the said Forest. On the Hantonians by Transforming 'em to Hogs, and their Country to Hogland.* 7. *Jove not yet appeas'd, sends a dreadful Boar among 'em.* 8. *Father Porcius calls a Convocation.* 9. *Cryer's Horn describ'd.* 10. *The Consult.* 11. *Porcius's Oration.* 12. *Bogo, a Man of great Penetration in the Mystery of Swinery. His Oration.* 13. *The Χορραγισρον or Buckle-Ring describ'd.* 14. *Bevis's comical Method of circum-venting the Boar. His Armour; and Success.* 15. *The Publick Rejoicings; and so to the End of the Chapter.*

THE MAN's Auspicious-Conduct, that
(Subdu'd
A Savage B O A R, without th' Expence
(of Blood:

H O G S of Prodigious Size, and Corpulent;

And Gammons of Bulk, Figure, and Extent;

H O G L A N D I A.

And the *First Rise* of PUDDINGS, BLACK
 (and Long,
 Shall be the *Theme* of my *Advent'rous Song*.

O! *Help*, A P O L L O! *Thou canst* do it well,
 For *Thou* (an *Exil'd God*) *hast been* thy *Sel'*
 An Old HOG-DRIVER, as *Historians* tell!

H--DSWORTH! *Attend!* *Whether Thou* be
 (Employ'd
 In gnawing *Pork* at some *Old Hag's Abode*,
 Or *Writing* what *Thou'rt Bid* by *Haughty Sach---*
Thou Vile Amanuenses of the *Wretch!*
I say, *Prick up* thy *Puritannick Ears*,
 And *List'* to what *I write* of *thy great Ancestors*.

Directly Opposite to A N G L I A's *North*,
 H A N T O N I A lies, a *Land of Quondam Worth*.
There, A R T H U R *Reign'd*, as *Ancient Bardi sing*,
 (Tho * *Upstart Nov'lists say*, 'Twas *no such Thing*.)
 'Twas *then*, in his *Blest Days*, H A N T O N I A N S were
 All *Hardy Men*, and *Each a God of War*.

* *Collier*, among the rest: *Vide his Dictionary*.

H O G L A N D I A.

3

*Unlike Their Cursed Spawn, Base little Souls,
With Qualm-sick Stomachs, Moody, Way-
(ward Fools.*

*HANTONIA, Ah ! How Sad a Change is Thine ?
Once full of Warlike Men, But now of Swine !
Where is thy Ancient S A X O N Glory Flown ?
Where are thy Men of Courage and Renown ?
No Tracks of Honour do in Thee appear,
H O G - D R I V E R S all, and H O G S T I E S
(Every where !*

*How Happily did N E P T U N E interpose
Twixt Thee, Blest W I G H T, and Dire H A N -
(T O N I A N Woes !*

*But Tell us M U S E ! --- (thou dost Minutely
(Know
What's done Above the Clouds, and eke Below)
Which of the Sons of the Celestial Punk,
Damn'd Poor HANTONIA to Eternal Funk ?*

*When the Victorious NORMAN had o'rethrown
HAROLD, and mounted to the Vacant Throne ;
He with Indisputable Title wore
The English Crown, and English Sceptre bore.*

When all was *Huff*, and *Fights* with *Men* were
(ceas'd,
War was *Proclaim'd* to *ev'ry Kind* of *Beast* :

Bears, Foxes, Wolves, and Hares, and Deer did feel
 The Weight of *Indefatigable Zeal*.

But, the *Unhappy Prince* grew *Excentrick,*
 And *Burst* his *Dib Ominous Comet-like*.

The *Eager Sportsman* carries *Things* too *High,*
Affronts the *GODS,* and *storms* the very *Sky* :

Him did the *Uillanous HANTONIANS* join
 In this *Superlative Degree* of *Sin*. *

They *fret,* They *Curse* the *G O D S,* and
(upward stare,

And *Whole OLYMPUS* to a *Battel Dare*.

In short, the *Miscreants* mad with *Fury* grown,
Blasphemously Threw *Sacred Temples* down.

The very *GODS* they *'tragiously* o'return,
 And even the *Consecrated Altars* Burn.

Sins Ripen'd up to full *Maturity,*

Always call down for *Vengeance* from the *Sky*.

J O V E saw. — At length the *Peremptory God*
Dispers'd His *Thunder* from Behind a *Cloud*.

* *Alias (more Rhetorically speaking) Hyperbole of Iniquity.*

The KING He spar'd, as 'countable to Done,
 But Punish'd the Uicererent in his Son.
 As for th' HANTONIAN Diminutive R—,
 He metamorphos'd them to stinking HOGS:
 And Hence it is, that Hog-driving was made
 Their Grand Employ, and Universal Trade.
 Hence, they must HOGSTIES clean, whose
 (Flagrant Smell
 To Death wou'd stink the very De'l o' Hell.

All this they Bore: - - - yet all too little was
 The Anger of the NUMEN to Appease.
 For (what is lamentable to be spoken!)
 He sent 'em, of his Wrath a further Token,
 A Raging B O A R of Frightful Magnitude,
 His Eye-Balls Glare with Fire suffus'd with Blood,
 His Neck shoots up a Thick-set Thorny Wood.
 His Bristled Back a Trench impal'd appears,
 And stands Erected like a Field of Spears.
 For Tusks with Indian Elephants He strove,
 And Jove's own Thunder from his Mouth He drove.
 Froth fills His Chaps, He sends a Grunting Sound,
 And Part He Churns, and Part Befoams the Ground.

Long

Long with Impunity th' Outragious BOAR
 At Pleasure Ravag'd all H A N T O N I A o'er.
 Where 'ere the Tender Corn began to Sprout,
 He'd Root it up with his Destructive Snout.*
 All New-plow'd Lands, and Summer-Fallows spoil,
 Frustrate the Farmer's Hopes and Mock his Toil.
 The Useless Hedges cou'd no more secure
 The Bearded Product of the Golden Tear.

In vain the Husbandman Essays with Hounds
 To Fright the Bristl'd Foe, and save his Grounds :
 He Breaks through Hedges with Impetuous Rush.
 With Whirlwind Breath He sweeps down ev'ry Bush ;
 The Mighty CALEDONIAN BOAR was such
 And Plagu'd the Poor ÆTOLIANS just as much.
 The Injur'd Peasants with Just Anger Glow,
 And swear Revenge on the Destructive Foe.
 At length, A Rusty Gaffer of the Tribe,
 Who suffer'd more than all the rest beside,
 Had all His Hedges miserably Torn,
 And lost his Acorns all, and all his Corn
 Was sorely Chaf'd : and in his single Breast
 Was Pent more Fury, than in all the Rest.

* Wholsome Severities.

Desp'rate He Grew, and Tore his Rev'rend Beard,
Though Jove (quo' He) and the whole Cœlestial
Be thy Abettors, (Thou Insatiate Wretch (Herd
Who'st harm'd my Neighbours and my self so much)
In Spite of Jove, or any Partial God,
I'll wash these Hands of mine in thy Heart's Blood.
And without more ado the Angry Chub
Resolves to summon His whole Neighbourhood
To meet at HAMO's HAVEN for the Publick
(Good.)

Then did the *Sowgelder* PERILLO climb
 Up to a *Lofty HOGSTY's Top Sublime.*
 His *Crooked Horn* from off his *Back* he *snatch'd,*
 Which from *Hunch-shoulder* down to *Buttock* reach'd.
 From *Narrow * Gorge* the *Artificial Piece*
 In *Gyre Extends* and *Widens* by *Degrees.*
 A *Plate of Lead* its *Middle* did *Embrace,*
 And *Each Extremity* was *Tipt* with *B R A S S.*
 To his *Wide Mouth,* this *He* no sooner *Held*
 But *strait* the *Leather* of his *Venter* *Swell'd.*
 And *then,* his *Bloated Cheeks* like *Hills* arose
 On *Either Side* of his *Prodigious Nose.*

* A Military Term : An Entrance into a Work.

At length, th' Imprison'd Wind out-rushes both
 At his Anterior and his Postern Mouth.
 Three Sounds gave the shrill Horn, replete with Wind,
 And just as many Blasts came from Behind.
 But all in vain: for had he Blown till now
 No Soul in Hantshire wou'd the Meaning know.
 He'd sooner Crack'd his Horn and Burst his Gut,
 Than make the Dull Hantonians stir a foot.
 When Blowing Either way wou'd not Avail,
 The Subtle Carl bids reach him up a Pail:
 This loud he Beat, and very well he knew
 Twou'd soon Assemble the Hantonian Crew:
 And truly so it did; — Both Men and Swine
 Thought they were call'd, as usual, to Dine.
 Had you but seen, How the Promiscuous Herd,
 Half-Men, Half-Swine, (A monstrous Sight!)
 (Appear'd:
 You'd swore they were a Metamorphos'd Clan,
 Such as of Tore the (GRECIAN) Primate's Gang,
 When all were met, an Universal Club
 Of the Spruce Gentry and the Greasy Mob:

Old Father *PORCIUS* (whom we spoke before,
Instead of Hair, He sturdy Bristles wore.
Against the Cold, Indulgent Nature had
Arm'd his Impenetrable Hands with Scab)
 Stood up, and stroaking *Bristle-Beard*, he Bow'd,
 And thus address'd himself unto the Crowd:

My Friends!

If Curses cou'd Deliverance produce,
Or Any Methods Impotence can use,
We had not Met in Convocation thus,
We're Equally Concern'd, our Case is Sad,
And Publick Dangers call for Publick Aid.
 You see, Alas! how this Destructive *B O A R*
Does our Subsistence totally Devour.
 In vain it is, we hope for Any Crop,
 Our Fields are Spoil'd, our Corn is Rooted up;
 Our Turnips, Beans, and Onions all Destroy'd:
 In short, we've Nothing left, for Oven or Pot.
 And do you Feel all this? — And shall such Harms
 Pass unreveng'd? — No, No! To Arms! To Arms!
 Our Country's utter Ruin let's Avert;
 And Woe to them that have a fearful Heart.

Thus He in such *Prevailing Terms* as These,
 Kindled their *Tardy Courage* by Degrees.
 Their *Innate Cowardice* was Fled and Gone,
 And *Valour* seiz'd its *Abdicated Throne*.
 A *Fit of Courage* Forcibly Possess'd (Breast.
 (What's strange to Think on) Each *H O G L A N D E R's*
 And Now They all Resolve upon Pursuing
 The *Foe Intestine* to his Utter Ruin.

Some Fly to Arms, and Open War Proclaim:
 And Others have Recourse to Stratagem.
 Others, on Death more Dire and Certain Bent,
 Wou'd have * *ITENE*, Great *ITENE* Brent. †

While thus they were, All of a Different Mind,
 Some to this Method, Some to that inclin'd;
 Up stands among the stupid Herd a Wight,
 Wiser than all his Brethren: *B O G O* Hight.
 Him, the Effeminate English *BEVIS* Name,
 Instead of *B O G O*. (But that's much the same)
BEKIS, His Country's Boast, *HANTONIA's* Fame.

When Squinancy or Mange, Chanc'd *H O G S* to
BEVIS could Apply Fit Remedies: (Sieze,

* The Name of the Forest where the Boar lay. † i. e. Burnt.

If Poyſonous Henbane Chanc'd ſlip down their Throat,
 H E cou'd Adminiſter an Antidote.
 What Season S O W S with Safety might be Splay'd,
 Under what Planet's Influence, This or that;
 Which is Beſt Feeding, Acorns or Peaſe-Meal,
 All this and more, cou'd Skilful B E N I S Tell.
 Nothing (in ſhort) that does to SWINE Pertain,
 Escap'd Great B E N I S Universal Ken.

This Man of Knowledge Vaſt, (firſt having wip'd
 With Greasy Sleeve what from Chaps Filthy dript)
 Thus to the Britiſh Audience made his Speech :
 Brethren! (If I may be Allow'd to Teach)
 'Tis my Opinion, we ſhould not by Arms
 Attempt the Death of B O A R, leſt Greater Harms
 Should Follow : — Leſt the Gods we Irritate
 To ſend more Plaguy Tokens of their Hate.
 Moreover 'twou'd be Danger Maniſeſt,
 To Fight a Foe ſo Deſp'rate, Hand to Fiſt.
 You know the Canon. — Never uſe your Might
 But Only Againſt Such as will not Fight.
 More Gently we'll Proceed ; — H A N T O N I A ſhall
 Be Happy yet, and that in Spite of Hell.

H O G L A N D I A yet shall Thrive, and Flourish yet,
 Shall Long Enjoy Security Compleat.
 By my **Auspicious Conduct**, Though I say it,
 The **BOAR** shall Live, and yet do us no Hurt;
 But Thanks to my Contriving Noddle for't!
 Me **J O V E** hath Bless'd with Subtilty and Wit,
 With Quick Invention in a Time of Need!
 —When Busy **MOLES** those **Damn'd** Con-
 (founded Vermin,
 My New-Sown, New-Rak'd Garden-Beds Under-
 My Sallad Eat, my Onions all Beneck, (mine,
 And Rob me of my most Delicious Leek:
 In their Wide Roads I place my Trap, and Catch
 In Prison close the Bold Offending Wretch.
 Then Next my Bearded Engine in his Snout
 I Fix: — So Ope my Trap, and let him Out.
 Nor can he more work Fresh Holes in the Ground,
 But lives confin'd to his Accustom'd Round.
 Thus may we Serve the **BOAR**, and He shall be,
 As well as **MOLE**, Oblig'd for's Life to ME.
 He spoke! — The Gaping Auditors Applaud
 The Splay-Mouth'd Orator with Voices Loud.
 They

They Bless the Man! And Wonder at his Art,
And long to see him Play the Practick Part.

BEVIS mean while with more than Usual Hast
Applies Himself unto the Promis'd Task.

Now Sweating Heats the Steel, while Bellows Lungs
Provokes the Fire, Anon with Crooked Tongs

He Turns the Glowing Mass: On Anvil now
He Beats, And lends his Soul at ev'ry Blow.

So Did the Cyclops at th' Almighty Nad,
New Thunder Hasten for the Angry God,

When Daring Giants Threaten'd his Abode.

Thus did they o're their Beaten Anvils Sweat,
And their swoln Sinews Echoing Blows Repeat.

At last the HERO Finish'd his Machine,
The Dread of Each Succeeding Age of SWINE.

A Work that Crown'd th' Artificer's Great Name
With Never-Dying Laurel, Never-Dying Fame.

(Stile,
But here (with Reader's Leave) Turn we our
To Contemplate this Piece of Art a while:
Bow-wise he Form'd the Steel, Grown soft as Mire,
In Suppling Heat of Penetrating Fire.

Thick

Thick was the *Middle*, towards *Either End*
It smaller Grew, and *Finish'd* in a *Point*. (*Snout*,
 Each *Point* was *Barb'd* (*Dart like*) lest *Shaking*
Or Fresh Attempts to *Dig* might *Push* it out.
 The *Middle* (which was *Plac'd* just where the *Nose*
Stands join'd to *Head Hirsute*) *Surrounded* was
 With *Trill* of *Homogeneous Metal* (*Iron*)
 Which *Turn'd* upon the *Part* it did *Inviron*.

Thus *Long* we've on the *Arvil Sweat*; -- But *still*
 There yet *Remains* more *Work* for *BEVIS Skill*.
 And's *Ingenuity* is *Argu'd* more
 From *what's* to *Fallow*, than *what's* *Gone before*.
Long did the *Wary Hero*, *Study How*
 He might with *Safety Circumvent* the *Foe*;
Long was He *Pensive*: *Long Turmoil'd* his *Brain*:
Oft Scrat his *Lowfy Pate*: -- But *all* in *vain*!
Oh! what are *Arms*! (*He Cry'd*) or *what* to *me*
Can Useless Bit of *Iron Signify*?
Since neither *Valour*, *Subtilty*, nor *Wit*
Can lay the *Monster Pris'ner* at my *Feet*.
 (Then throwing *Iron* down, -- *Mouth op'ning wide*)
Avaunt! Avaunt, Thou Damn'd Machine (*he cry'd*)
 In-

Invented *first* by some Left-Handed God
 To Render M E the Jest of Every Sot!
 Oh! *How* will the H O G L A N D E R S Ridicule
 An Useless Grimcrack made by B O G O —Fool!
 My Preterperfect Worth shall be forgot,
 And all my Skill in Dark Oblivion Rot!

Thus Discontent, He Threw Himself Among
 His Fellow-Hogs; and Grunted in the Throng:
 When Lo! (He Dreamt) A P O L L O from the Skies
 Came Kindly Down, and stood Before His Eyes,
 And told him *what* to do. — Then, (as He thought
 To make a Handsome Leg unto the God)
 He hit his Bedfellows a Cursed Stroke,
 So they Began to Whine, and He Awoke.

Then Strait (as Vision in his Mind Infix'd)
 The Grounds of Beer, and Lees of Wine He Mix'd
 With Drowsy Poppy. — Having thus Prepar'd
 The Ingredients: — Next by Rules of (Wax-work)
 He Counterfeited Acorns to the Life (Art
 With his Intoxicating Compost Stiff.

When all was Ready thus ; — He Arms (for who
 Unarm'd, wou'd Dare t' Encounter such a Foe ?)
 He up the Chimney Clomb, and Down he Took
 Flitches that Hung a Century in Smoke :
 With Wonderful Dispatch, He Sev'n in One
 With Thong most sturdy did together Join :
 And Lapp'd 'em Dexterously Fold in Fold :
 Such was the Telamonian Shield of Old.
 Herein indeed they Differ ; Criticks show
 That was of Hide of Bull, But This of Sow ;
 This the more Formidable of the Two.
 Next He Put Spatter-Dashes on, and Ty'd
 His Rusty Basket-Hilt unto his Side.
 He Treble Fortify'd, like Man of Art,
 The weakest Place, The Mansion of his Heart.
 And Hedge-Hog like, the Armour Homogene
 Inclos'd the Hero up to Squallid Chin.
 He wore no Headpiece ; — True, — Nor Did he Need,
 Nature sufficiently secur'd his Head,
 Not only with thick Scull, but Thicker S C A B,
 A Double Helmet, Each Impenetrab —

Thus

Thus Finally, *Arm'd Cap-a-pe*, the Knight
High Mounted on the *Ridge* of *lofty Steed*,
 Of his *Impenetrable Armour* Proud,
 With *Pouch* of 'Foresaid *Opiate*, *Sally'd* out,
Relying on the *Dose*, and *Heels* of *Steed*,
 Made *Tow'rds* the *Fee*, as if he meant to Fight;
 The B O A R Discerns, and *Hasts* to meet the
 (Knight.)

The Knight *Turn'd Tail*, and *Panting Courser* *Ply'd*
 (Such was his *Hast*) with *Spur* on *Either Side*.

The *Pills* from *Musty Pouch*, still as he *Rode*
 He *Dropt*: —And with *full Cry* *Invok'd* the *God*.

The *Expedient* took—The *Pills* with *Magick Pow'r*,
 To *Deadly Sleep* *Charm'd* the *Pursuing* B O A R.

When *Hero* looking *Back*, saw on the *Ground*

His *Foe* fast in *Lethargick Fetters* Bound;

His *Ebbing Valour* *Flow'd*, and *Dauntless Knight*
Drew Bit, and *Boldly ventur'd* to *Alight*.

Across the B O A R He *Strode*, and o're his *Head*

His *Arms* He *Wav'd*, and *Thrice* *Victoria* cry'd.

Eccho Repeats the *Sound*; And *Distant Crowd*

Catch it from *Eccho*, and *Return* the *Shout*.

They *Run*, and all *securely* now *Surround*
 Their *Foe*, now *Impotent* upon the *Ground*.
 And *first*, His *Chaps* they *Bind*: For *well* knew they
 The *Greatest Danger* from his *Tushes* lay.
This Done, with *Cart-Rope* strong they *next Proceed*,
Lest He *Attempt* to *Rise*, to *Bind* His *Feet*.
 Mean while, One *sharpens Stakes*, which other *Wight*
Forces into the *Ground* with muckle *Might*.
 When *all* was Thus *Infallibly Secure*,
 Nor was there *Left* as much as *Room* to *Fear*,
 The *H O G L A N D I A N* *HERO*, then with *Courage*
Address'd Himself to the *Remaining Feat*. (*Great*
Of Forked Steel He *Sharpen'd* either *Point*,
 Which when he did with *Greasy Lard* anoint,
 (*The Nose* of *B O A R* first *Perforating* through)
 He *Thrust* it in, as far as it *cou'd Go*:
 And *just* at *Promontory End*, the *Hook*
Immoveable above his *Nostrils* stuck.
 But *scarce* had *BEVIS* *finish'd*, er'e the *B O A R*
Felt He was *wounded*, and *began* to *stir*.
 He 'woke; — And *strove* to *Rise*, but *Quickly Found*
In Vain He *strove*, for He was *faster Bound*.

He *Loudly Fream'd*, And the *Tremendous Rear*
 O're *Hogsties* Bounded to the *Distant Shore*,
ITENE Rings, the *Neighb'ring Groves* around
 Return in *Ecchoings strong* the *Hideous Sound*.
 Th' *H O G L A N D I A N S* Understood the *Note*,
 (and *Hey'd*,
 All tow'rd's the *Place* in *Droves* from *Every Side*.
 The *Winton Weaver* Threw aside his *Shuttle*,
 And scow'r'd with all his *Might* to *Field of Battel*.
Poring Will. L—y left his *Boys* at *School*,
 And *Amb'l'd* tow'rd's the *Place* upon his *Mule*.
Dispers'd Among the *Crowd*, *Ratcatchers* stand
Conspicuous : —For *Each Bore* in his *Hand*
 A (*Hieroglyphick*) *Mouse-Trap*, to *betoken*
 That they were the *True Champions* of the *BACON*.
 Which when the *Bird Canonical* *Espy'd*,
 The *O W L*, I mean, that only *sees* at *Night*.
 As she sat in an *Ivy*, stretch'd her *Throat*,
 And *Lowdly Trill'd* a most *Prodigious H ot*.
Crowders, *Sowgelders*, *Coblers*, *Women* *Aw'd*
Compos'd with *foresaid* the *Promiscuous Crowd*.

The *Sea* *Transports* the *Sound*, and *Men of Wight*
 Came o're in *Canoos* to *Behold* the *Sight*.

*'Amaz'd they stood, and struck with Wonder, View'd
The Vast Dimensions of the Vanquish'd Brute.*

*And Next, — The Hero's Wit and Valour move
At Once their Admiration and their Love.*

*HIM they Adore, HIM they Congratulate
On his Projecting a Machine of State;*

*A Machine which H O G L A N D E R S will Extol,
As Long as Pigs can Squeak, and Puppies Howl.*

*And Now Proceed the * Giddy Populace,
(Almost Distract for Joy) with Pompous Feasts,
(The Like in H O G L A N D were ne'er seen before)
To Celebrate the Pegging of the B O A R.
They Climb up Chimneys, and Old Flitches Sieze,
Whole Hecatombs of which They Sacrifice
To Venter (Guardian God) and Each Denotes
The Joy of's Heart, by th' Stuffing of his Guts.*

*Further, Lest Fame which often Changes Tune
Shou'd Drop a Providence so Opportune :*

* A new-coin'd Term for the Gentlemen of the Lower Rank in
Southampton. Us'd by the Judicious Writer of the *Post-Boy*.

And what their Late Posterity might Know
 What to this Worthy Personage they owe;
 They then Invented a New Kind of Food
 The World ne're saw before. —Sullian Blood
 They mix'd with Honey (Comb and all) and In't
 They shed some Garlick, Savory and Mint:
 The Liver, Lights, and Abdomen they Cut
 In Pieces small; Then Add large Lumps of Fat,
 And stuff the Composition in a Gut:
 And then they Boil it, till it changes Hue,
 Just Contrary to what our Lobsters Do.

When these were (Second Course) to Table brought,
 Each with his Gruel and his Broth fell out.
 Nay, B A C O N's Self was NOW Offensive Grown,
 And Nothing short of BLACK PUDDING wou'd
 (Down.
 Ev'n now in H O G L A N D Love to them's the same,
 Old Non-Resistance to the Dish Supreme.

Black-Puddings! Food Divine! Ambrosia, Fit
 To Feast the GODS! Black Puddings! Food that
 (Might

Find a Voracious P——TE's Grinder's work
 At C——r, E——n, R——r, or T——k.

Hail

H O G L A N D I A.

Hail Then Great *BEVIS*! Hail *H O G L A N D I A*!
 (Hail!
Honour'd with Being *BEVIS* Native Soil!
 As long as *Moles* the Pleasant Gardens Haunt,
 As long as *PIGS* can whine, and *SOWS* can
 (Grunt,
 As long as *Tables* *PUDDINGS-BLACK* Receive,
 Thy Name, Thy Honour, and thy Worth shall live.
 By them *THOU* shalt be sung (in a Key Higher
 Than Gaping Striplings Bawling in a Quire)
 Whose Greasy Trade and Occupation is
 To Cry *BLACK PUDDINGS*, and *Fat Sausages*.
ALL ANGLIA too, Her Monumental Praise
 To thy Great Name, and Greater Deeds shall Raise:
 Since She Regales her self, and Crams her Guts
 With all the Dainties *SWINE* on Table puts.
 For Sausages and Dear *BLACK-PUDDING's* sake,
BEVIS shall be Her Everlasting Brag.

While thus the Lower World Submissive Pays
 To Famous *BEVIS* Tributary Praise;
 The Rising Hero, Deity Commences,
 Like *HERCULES*, and on as Good Pretences.

And

And Hence it is that *Modern F A M E* Relates
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